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Football Reminiscences.

By ONLOOKER.

LEAGUE MATCH—C.E.I. vs. C. RESULT: C.E.I. 5 GOALS; C. 1 GOAL. PLAYED ON WELLY GROUNDS JULY 1888.

There is a fair gathering of paying spectators and the usual proportion of "climbers" and ticket-holders. This match, the first of the round of fixtures, came off on the Welly Grounds last evening. Following were the teams:—

C.E.I.—Goal, Woodley; backs, Hay and Adams; halves, Godden, and Cooke; forwards, R. Wood, R. Omond, A. Carnell and J. Omond.

C.—Goal, Squires; backs, Evans, Doolan, and Cullen; forwards, Brophy, Power, Ryan and Rowd.

The Institute defended the western side the first half, and at once beating Squires for the first time some 3 minutes after the kick. Omond doing the needful. Then Omond had a look in at the other end where Brophy just missed a shot by shooting past. The C. E. I. tried to press and were eventually successful scoring, for in quick time, the score stood 2-0.

Monday night B.B. vs. Terra Nova. They were starting a new railway in one of our distant colonies, and after the first had been turned by the Governor there was a cold luncheon at which all the local grandees were present.

A young official, innocent of carriage, was seated much to his consternation, opposite a couple of ducks. For some time no one wanted duck and then, to his horror, a Bishop said: "Might I trouble you, Mr. —, for a little duck?"

The official was equal to the occasion. He held his fingers tightly to his nose to indicate that the ducks were "high." The ruse was successful. The Bishop had cold beef instead.

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C. P. EAGAN,

2 Stores: Duckworth Street & Queen's Road

Chasing the Shilling.

A successful chase of the elusive shilling was instituted by the Orphanaid Club at Silverlock's a Calhoun's garage last night. It continued along New Gower Street, up Theatre Hill, around Rawlin's Cross and along Military and Harvey Roads to the C. L.B. Armoury. There figured in the great chase the G.L.B. Band, which attracted and held the attention of thousands of citizens of all ages and degrees; the Orphanaid Club, which was admitted—almost coveted by all beholders, and a guard of honor of the cars of members of the Club in which sat gentlemen responsible for this movement, every one of them armed with tons of determination and looks of virtue.

To attractions of the Car, the Band and the Hunters of the shilling, took thousands from the streets into the spacious armory. Bandmaster Morris with shining countenance and skilled players, led him to the stage and straightway discoursed such sweet strains as simply compelled hesitant auditors on the steps and the street outside to come in.

And what scenes there were, my countrymen, round these fascinating wheels of fortune. The shy shillings simply leaped forth from vest pockets and pants pockets and pocket books and purses and all sorts of receptacles as over the magic words of appeal, advice and exhortation were spoken, yea shouted, by such a pastmaster at his art of extracting coin as Councilor Dowden, and by Mr. Baxter Parsons who capably substituted for Mr. Andrew Carnell, as bellhop for the wheel on the east side of the armory.

Councilor Dowden's team simply mopped things up in the selling line. Not a shilling escaped them. They busted the wheel half a dozen times and equally as often Mr. Ken baby had to apply first aid. Doc. Mosell, Freddie Davey, Sam Thompson, Dick Silverlock, and Jack Seaman had a lot and then some to keep pace with the steady, insistent and unceasing demands for tickets. And the demand was always met by the supply. Oh, what a scene was there, my countrymen! The superhuman efforts of the Councilor and his crew simply kept that wheel a-buzzing.

On the other side Baxter Parsons just yelled himself hoarse. But the sales of his little aggregation provided ample balm for his sore throat. The sheriff buzzed around and beamed as if he belonged to another sphere altogether. Ben Stafford for a short space of time forgot his Big Stude for Boosting Sales of tickets. Ned Lawrence held him tighter and yon as if he knew not the art of standing a rattling still. Fred Baid executed more quick marches in two hours of the sale than in two weeks of Brigade camping. And as for skipped Ned Snow, well his very presence and appearance simply kept spectators hunting along to that wheel for tickets and then for more.

Taking it by and large, the shilling had a chance of escaping. It is believed that one or two got away from the armory, but most of the members of the Orphanaid Club are sceptical of these reports, though they are on a still hunt to-day for such deserters of a good cause.

The honors of the evening go to the Councilor and his team. They were simply irresistible. They are delighted. So are the operators of Wheel No. 2. In fact, the latter are reported to be so charmed over the evening's work, particularly that part of it performed by the operators of Wheel No. 2, that they intend standing the Councilor and his bunch a dinner at Brenock's next week.

The Orphanaid Club have asked the Telegram to express their sincere appreciation of the numerous friends who so kindly and so practically patronized them last evening. They are particularly grateful to Colonel Goodridge who placed the C.L.B. Armoury and Band at their disposal, to Bro. Emma of Mount Cashel and to Mr. Ken Ruby, who provided the "Wheels of Fortune" for the evening's operations and to many others who worked unceasingly and unselfishly to make the event such a tremendous success.

The Orphanaid Club have arranged to have a public drawing for the prize car in the C.L.B. Armoury on Monday night, commencing at eight o'clock. Those who still hold cash or stubs on account of tickets sold are requested to have them returned to any member of the Club by the end of the present week.

Lady Gold Miner to Wed

The announcement is made of the engagement of Lady Sybil Grey to Mr. Lambert William Middleton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry N. Middleton, of Lowood, Melrose. The wedding will take place in September in the country. Lady Sybil is the daughter of the late Earl Grey and of Alice, Countess Grey. In 1900 she accompanied her father, then Governor-General of Canada, on a trip to the Canadian Arctic gold fields. Near Dawson City, the capital of the Klondyke, she pegged out a claim for herself and christened it "Sybil." Her first panning-out produced 20 dollars (\$4) worth of gold. During the war Lady Sybil served with the Anglo-Russian ambulance column in Russia, and in 1916 was wounded

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The Sixth Sense.

Everyone has heard the old saying about rats leaving a sinking ship. Of course it is quite wrongly expressed. Any fool would leave a sinking ship; but rats have been known to board a doomed ship at her last port of call before she sank.

There is a possible explanation of this curious proceeding, for it is quite on the cards that such a ship might already be unseaworthy and leaky, and, therefore, no longer a comfortable abode for her rats.

But there is no such explanation possible for the extraordinary forecast knowledge shown in the first week in June last by the red squirrels that were witnessed leaving a wood in the Alderford district. Scores of them were seen hurrying away, and, as squirrels almost always go in a northerly direction. Yet why they were was a mystery until next day. Then a grass fire caught the wood and burnt it out.

Anticipating Ants. This, mind you, is not the only case on record of such prescience on the part of squirrels, for a similar incident was recorded during the great drought of last year.

Talking of droughts, there are several creatures which have been known in advance, whether a year will be wet or dry. Two of these are the British birds, the little grebe, commonly called the "dabchick" and moorhen.

These birds both build by the river's edge, and in case of heavy floods during the breeding season their nests and eggs would, of course, be washed away. Especially in the Knevet valley, the old country folk all prophesy the weather according to the position in which these birds build their nests. If low, there will be no big rain, at any rate, before the end of June.

That there is the common wood ant, a little yellow-brown insect, which builds rather large nests in the woods. You can find plenty of such nests in Epping Forest. When the summer is going to be hot and dry the nest of the wood ant is built lower and flatter than if the season is to be wet and cold.

This ant likes a regular temperature, and knows how to provide for it. By the size of the nest of the wood ant quite a definite forecast can be given of the weather during the coming summer.

These are not the only members of the ant tribe which are gifted with the art of forecasting the weather. There is in the Southern States of America a small black ant which always builds partly under and partly above the ground. If you see these ants carrying their eggs up from the collars of their dwellings to the surface, you may be definitely certain of heavy rain within twenty-four hours. I have watched them myself and have never known them to be wrong.

Certain kinds of fish have the same peculiar gift. If you go out trouting on a nice day, and find that the trout absolutely refuse to rise, the chances are that rain is coming soon. The fish scorn your fly because they know that within a few hours they will be brought down by the rising flood.

Nearly all animals seem to know when an earthquake is coming. Long before any human being has any indication of an earth tremor, dogs, cats, and horses are all uneasy. Cats mew and are restless, dogs howl, and horses will frequently stampede.

Strange Bat Trac. It is, of course, possible that their senses are more delicate than ours, and that they feel tremour before

man does. But this explanation will not account for trout or ants knowing of rain so far in advance; and most certainly it is of no use in the case already mentioned of the squirrels, leaving a wood twenty-four hours before a fire started.

These, mind you, are only instances of the exhibition of animals of senses which man not only does not possess, but cannot even understand. How is it that young birds migrating find their way across broad seas where there is no possible landmark? How do cats, carried by train many miles, find their way back to their old homes?

Nature is full of such problems, and it will do us no harm and diminish our self-conceit to give them a little thought.

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